

DEAF MUTES' JOURNAL.

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The Man Behind the Smile
don't know how he is on creeds,
I never heard him say;
But he's got a smile that fits his face
As he wears it every day.
If things go wrong he won't complain—
Just tries to see the joke;
He's always finding little ways
Of helping other folk.
He sees the good in every one,
Their faults he never mentions;
He has a lot of confidence
In people's good intentions.
You soon forget what ails you
When you happen 'round this man.
He can cure a case of hypo—
Quicker than the doctor can.
No matter if the sky is gray,
You get his point of view,
And the clouds begin to scatter,
And the sun comes breaking through.
You'll know him if you meet him,
And you'll find it worth your while
To cultivate the friendship of
The Man Behind the Smile.

—Extract.

Captain Coalhod's Folly.

By David A. Wasson.

It was a dull afternoon on Jeffrey's Bank—typical dog-day weather. Mother Ocean's bosom was sleek gray satin, and never a stray cat's-paw marred its sheen. The inverted bowl of the sky was leaden, opaque; in it the westering sun was only a smouldering spot. The sails of the sword-fishing fleet, the low-lying smudge of the smoke of a distant steamer, hardly betrayed the perfect harmony of sea and sky; both were storm-colored as well.
Only the occasional blaze of a red flannel or shirt or neckerchief among the crew of the little Gloucester schooner Trade Wind enlivened the sombre picture. The Trade Wind lifted and settled passively when Mother Ocean seemed to take a deep breath. The wheel, neglected, spun a few spokes each way as the rudder kicked feebly from time to time. The crew lounged about the littered decks in attitudes of indolence. Some smoked; some told yarns; some dozed in queer uncouth postures.
The lookout in his lofty aerie on the fore-topmast might have been asleep; the cook seemed the only busy man on board. A clatter of pans from the galley and the smoke from the rusty stovepipe proved his industry.
"I'm tellin' ye," said Skipper Colin Hodgkins from his seat on the starboard main-sheet bitt, "there ain't no earthly reason why swordfish can't be netted as well as harpooned!"
Skipper Colin, familiarly known as Cap'n Coalhod, was a clean-shaven, squarely built little man with a square jaw and chin and a habit of sticking it out aggressively after each assertion. This time not only went the chin, but he rose with the air of a man who has reached an unchangeable decision. He glared defiantly at the crew.
"Might as well try to catch a fin-back whale in a gill net!" growled old Tom Hackman. "Better let well enough alone!"
Cap'n Coalhod fixed cold and glittering blue eyes upon the dissenter. "Young feller," he remarked,—"Tom was a dozen years his senior,—if you're cal'latin' to take command of this hooker, jest wait till I get through, will ye?"
Tom snorted with scant reverence. "I'm tellin' ye," resumed the skipper, "that a deep purse seine built of two-inch hemp with a twelve-inch mesh would do the business. Once let Mr. Swordfish get his bill through the mesh and he couldn't do any mischief. We could get nearer to him, and we'd stand twice the chance of landin' him that we do with a harpoon, the way I figger it! By George, I believe I'll give the Net and Twine Company an order soon's ever we go to market!"
"Yes, and have every fisherman from T. Wharf to Fulton Market a-laughin' at ye!" sneered Tom.
"What of it?" retorted Cap'n Hodgkins stoutly. "Anybody with a grain of git-up-and-git has to get laughed at. Look how they hooted at Johnny McQuinn when he went to Greenland for flitched halibut! But I notice he stocked a cool nineteen thousand out of it! And for that matter, had Cap'n John Smith listened to every yappin' galoot that made fun of him, I cal'late he

wouldn't ever have discovered Ameriky!"
"On deck there!" bellowed the lookout at this minute, perhaps fortunately for the captain's dignity. "I think we're goin' to get a little puff of wind out of that bank in the southeast! How about dousin' some of the muslin?"
The horizon had drawn nearer in the east, it seemed, and the lowering sky had blackened in that quarter. Hodgkins ducked below and consulted his barometer. It has dropped suddenly.
"Looks like there might be a little deviltry brewin' there, that's a fact," he remarked casually. "Guess we'll let her take it under foresail, boys."
Struggling to their feet, the lethargic crew stretched themselves and then proceeded to lower away. There followed the mellow crackle of patent blocks as the big patched mainsail settled in the lazy jacks; a shrill metallic clamor of the jib hanks as the headsails, urged by men at the downhauls, ran swiftly down the wire stays until their bights hung bag-like in the water under the bowsprit. Some of the hearties swarmed out along the footropes to the jibs, others vaulted on the after house and tackled the board like mainsail. In a jiffy the sails were taut and the Trade Wind, under a brand-new foresail, was ready for anything likely to blow.
Came then a spiky broadside of rain on the wings of a wicked squall from east-southeast. The Trade Wind, motionless at first, rolled down until the cuppers spouted, crowding the water out from her lee in tiny breakers that fell over themselves in their hurry to get away from the drift. Then she got steerageway and shook herself tentatively up into the wind, the wind, as if to gauge it.
Night came quickly; with it more wind and rain. They hove her to on the port tack and prepared to ride it out, though spume from every corner spar and bitted on the flickering green and red running lights in the fore rigging. Two men on watch stood guard over her antics; the rest, sealed up in a fog of blue tobacco smoke in the fore-castle, made ready for a snug evening. The Trade Wind wallowed and slumped over or under hurrying foam-streaked ridges; the watch below were flung about like dice in a box; yet the fitful strains of guitar and accordion quavered above the storm noises; and the glow of the portholes told of an all-pervading good cheer below decks.
And then, as if he had been awaiting the most inopportune of the long day's fourteen hundred and forty minutes, Red Simmons was taken with acute appendicitis.
"Confound it, Red!" said the captain, rolling out of his bunk. "Confound it, you're more trouble than all my money. First you get married, and now—Rouse out there, boys, some of ye, and give her the jibs! We'll go to market!"
It speaks well for the crew of the Trade Wind that in exactly five minutes they had cast loose and hoisted the jibs. Then the Trade Wind squared away through the smother and was off for Boston Light like a Mother Carey's chicken skimming the wave tops.
"Travelin' like a scall hog, ain't she?" remarked Cap'n Coalhod, who utterly lacked sentiment.
It had been more comfortable below. The schooner kept her quarter-deck awash with brine that swirled and seethed round the rubber boots of the wheelmen. Now she scudded arrow-like astride a roaring summit, now sank slushingly in the white welter of a trough until the next curling comber boosted her along again. The air was full of the boom of the gale in the rigging and of driving, stinging spindrift.
"Confound it, I wouldn't have thought it of Red!" grumbled the skipper as he relinquished half his grip of the wheel to wipe a smarting wet face with the back of a mittened hand.
"Vessel's green light on port bow!" bawled the lookout forward suddenly in a deep voice.
Cap'n Hodgkins squinted under the fore boom and climbed the spokes as he put the Trade Wind's helm hard a port. "Little too close for comfort," he said quietly. "Guess we'll go under her stern."
And then the Trade Wind, driv-

ing before the gale at an eleven-knot gaff, stopped in mid-career, like a boy who has run into a clothes-line in the dark.
"Great guns, we're on the beach!" roared. Peter Garvey, as he picked himself off the deck, and rubbing a bruised thigh, hobbled forward.
"I wish we were!" remarked the skipper. "Stand by to leave her, boys!"
The Trade Wind had run into the hawser between two barges of a tow, and pandemonium was aboard her for minutes that seemed eternities. She floundered like a stranded whale in the trough of a riotous sea, more under water than on top; sails ballooned and thrashed with the boom of a distant cannonade. The panic-stricken crew raced about the deck like caged animals seeking another way out. From somewhere close at hand came a succession of short, shrill whistles—a belated warning that was a mockery.
Then the looming bow of a barge jumped at them out of the night like a sinister beast with one eye red and one eye green. She charged into the harassed little Trade Wind, with a mighty crunch, cast the wreck aside with her bow wash as if in disdain and was going again into the chaos to windward when the long-shanked anchor on the fisherman's port bow jammed in the barge's bulwarks—jammed by the merest chance. The Trade Wind's chain cable rasped out through her hawse pipe for many fathoms; then her jerked round with a wrench that threatened to pull her windlass out. Cap'n Hodgkins found himself high-handedly taken in tow by an unknown tyrant who seemed bent on adding insult to injury.
A deck hand dropped an inquisitive smoky lantern over the stern of the barge, and the Trade Wind's crew saw in foot-high, shining letters the legend, "Psyche, of Philadelphia."
Now, by all laws of precedent, Cap'n Colin Hodgkins should have called down upon the inoffensive bargeman and all his family the most torrid maledictions known to our flexible tongue; he should have shriveled the barge, her crew and her cargo to a crisp with the scorn of his vituperation.
But what he actually said was, "P-s-y-c-h-e! That's the dog-gonedest way to spell 'fish' I ever see!"
The next day the Trade Wind was pulled into Portland Harbor astern of a tug and three barges. Old Tom, who took the sick man ashore in a dory, had orders to arrange for repairs to the dilapidated craft.
Her headgear was gone at the stem, and a row of splintered stanchions showed where the port bulwarks had been. A back-weary crew labored at clanking pumps that endlessly vomited clear water.
"Hard luck, neighbor!" called the rotund and ruddy tug captain, coming alongside after he had anchored his barges. "But what were you doing way out there in that little tub? I was running a straight course from the highlands of Cape Cod to Cape Elizabeth lights!"
"Tub, eh?" said Cap'n Coalhod to himself; then drawled, "And, bein' so fur offshore, you thought there wasn't no use in blowin' fog whistles, did ye?"
The crew of the tug snickered audibly. Her captain glared for a moment, then broke out, "You blasted little—"
"Cap'n What's-ye-name," interrupted Hodgkins, nipping the outburst in the bud, "I'd jest like to remark that if I owned a fleet of mud scows I'd think twice before I'd let you take out the oldest one of the bunch! Further discussion to be held before an Admiralty Court." He spat conclusively over-side.
"Just for that I'm going to put you out of business before I get through with you!" said the captain of the tug, growing more red-faced and emphasizing each word with a shake of a pudgy finger. "I'll remember the name of your little plug. Nobody ever said that to me and got away with it!"
Two bells clanged in the spick-and-span engine room, and the tug backed off, leaving Cap'n Hodgkins to contemplate the oily, bubbling wake below her steel stem.
"That bow of hers would slice us

the way you'd cut cheese with an axe," said the cook, seating himself on the broken fore boom. "But I cal'late Old Fatty there is only talkin' through his hat. He doesn't live in the right age to do any piratin' and get away with it!"
"Confound it!" said the skipper impatiently. "I ain't worryin' about that tommyrot! I was wonderin' whether I want to use two-or-three-inch hemp in that swordfish seine!"
Some weeks later the Trade Wind, shipshape again, was cruising for swordfish on Jeffrey's Bank. Sea and sky alike were drab, smooth, spiritless, and the sun was dull.
Far from the skeptics, the Trade Wind was trying her skipper's pet new invention, the swordfish seine. The regulation iron pulpit of the harpooner on the swordfisherman's bowsprit end was dismantled. Gone, too, was the long harpoon that was wont to balance across it athwartships, ready for instant use. Instead, the crew of the Trade Wind was abroad on the calm sea in a long white seine boat borrowed from a mackerel catcher, and an attendant brown dory with the free end of the purse. The crew were more than ready to call the inventor of the swordfish seine a rattled brained lunatic. Already they were dubbing his contraption "Coalhod's Folly," and Cap'n Hodgkins was almost prepared to confess its failure himself. The unwieldy seine filled the boat to overflowing with its bulk: handling it was back-breaking work; and the quarry, cornered, showed a disposition to impale the boats with his sword. The crew declared that the seine was big and heavy enough to catch a sea serpent.
"Two hundred iron dollars have plumb overboard!" grumbled Hackman. "Two hundred!"
Afar, the little schooner, named only by the cook, soared slowly on a long swell, then settled in the hollow behind it. A steamer—a tug with three loaded barges in tow—forged past her close aboard; the fishermen could hear the throb of her engines at two miles.
Away on the southern board a darker streak showed the coming of a breeze. The barges, overtaken, made sail to help their tug. The Trade Wind kept off and came down toward the boats wing and wing.
"That blamed towboat'll scare the fish clean to Georges!" grumbled Pete as he watched.
"No," said the skipper, "I cal'late she'll go a couple of points to the eastward of us."
So it seemed, but the tug soon altered her course and headed for the small boats.
"That's a crazy stunt," observed Tom Hackman. "If he keeps on that way, he'll run plumb over our gear."
"One of them Rockport netters lost eight nets in Ipswich Bay last week jest like that!" said Garvey excitedly, and, standing on a thwart, he first brandished both his long arms in warning to the oncoming tug and pointed toward the bobbing cork that marked the net.
"The worst of it is," lamented Tom, "there ain't no comeback. If we clutter up navigable waters with our gear, we have to take the chances. And I guess we got to say good-bye to it pretty quick now."
But Cap'n Hodgkins seemed strangely unaffected by the prospective loss of his property. As a matter of plain fact, he had slapped his thigh resolutely once without warning, and now there was a mildly interested, superior expression on his face as he watched the tug.
On she came, unswerving, abreast the freshening breeze, a magnificent ship fit to combat Neptune in all his moods. Black smoke belched anew from her tall funnel and hurried on ahead over the bows. The trailing barges' smutty sails yearned and strained, pushing their best. From the vantage of the lofty pilot-house window a red-faced man brought a megaphone to bear on the boats.
"Remember what I told you, you jay Smart Aleck?" came the words. "Next time don't talk so much with your mouth!"
"Sufferin' fishhooks! It's Fatty!" gasped Hackman.
"Sure," said the captain calmly. "How was it them fellers spelled 'fish'?"
And the tug, with a snowy little drift at her cutwater, hit the line of

cork floats like a cat pouncing on a mouse. The corks vanished.
But that was no common net. Its like was never seen before or since. Whatever its other shortcomings, it was no gauzy fabric to be cut in twain by the mere passage of a steamer, even though the engines were the most powerful of their type on the coast.
For an instant the engines of the tug churned madly in reverse, as a man too late tries to check himself on the brink of a cliff. Then they stopped abruptly with a succession of dull thumps. The immense propeller was desperately choked and tangled in the tough meshes of Cap'n Coalhod's Folly.
Steam snorted gutturally in a long white plume of excess energy from the slender escape pipe of the tug. Up sailed the barges, like sheep following the bellwether even to disaster. Now, amid a babel of hoarse commands, shrieking whistles, sails lowered by the run and the jarring rumble of huge anchors hastily dropped under foot, they first rammed the tug, then one another. Chain cables crossed and twisted, interminable hawsers snarled and interwove. With a clamor of grinding fenders and guards, ship lurched against ship. The unwilling barges unwrapped the tug as malignant spiders might truss up a fly.
On the bridge of the tug a rotund and ruddy captain shouted and danced and beat his megaphone into flinders on the pipe rail in rage.
"If you'll quit talkin' so much with your mouth, neighbor," drawled Cap'n Coalhod, "we'll run into Portsmouth and send a tug out to get ye—for a couple of hundred good iron dollars—and after that we'll call it square!"—*The Youth's Companion.*

CHURCH MISSION TO DEAF MUTES.
NEW YORK DISTRICT.
St. Ann's Church, every Sunday, during June, July and August, 10:30 A.M. Holy Communion 1st Sunday each month 10:30 A.M.
St. Mark's Church, Brooklyn, every Sunday 3 P.M. Except first Sunday of the month.
Services at Newburgh, at Stamford and other places, by appointment.
Office Hours at Guild House: Mornings, 9 to 12; evenings, 7 to 8:30; except Monday and Thursday.
REV. JOHN H. KENT, 511 West 148th Street, New York City.
Pittsburgh Reformed Presbyterian Church.
Eight St., between Penn Avenue and Duquesne Way.
Rev. T. H. ACHESON, Pastor.
Mrs. J. M. KEITH, Mute Interpreter.
Sabbath School—10 A.M.
Sermon—11 A.M.
Prayer meeting on first Wednesday evening of each month at 7:45 P.M.
Everybody Welcome.
Ephphatha Mission for the Deaf
St. Paul's Pro-Cathedral Parish House, 533 S. Olive St., Los Angeles.
Rev. Clarence E. Webb, Missionary-in-charge.
Mrs. Alice M. Andrews, Parish Visitor.
SERVICES.
Evening Prayer and Sermon, every Sunday, 8:00 P.M.
Holy Communion and Sermon, last Sunday in each month, 3:00 P.M.
Social Center every Wednesday at 8 P.M. ALL THE DEAF CORDIALLY INVITED.

NOTICE.
The Forty-Second Annual Convention of the Maine Mission for the Deaf will be held in Auburn, Me., Saturday and Sunday, August 26th and 27th, 1922. All welcome. Further particulars may be obtained by writing to the following:
FANNIE P. KIMBALL, Secretary, 20 Gilman Street, PORTLAND, ME.
A. L. CARLISLE, President, 27 Forest Avenue, BANGOR, ME.

LOS ANGELES.

May 28th, which was a very ideal day for an outing, saw the First Annual Picnic of the newly organized Athletic Club for the Deaf of Los Angeles held at Topanga Beach, thirty miles north of here, by way of Santa Monica. A large gathering of the deaf, numbering eighty, most of them wearing khaki suits and leggins, met at the corner of Eighth and Los Angeles Streets early in the morning of that day, conveyed by two large buses to the picnic grounds. On the way out the beautiful morning and the delightful ride brightened the faces of the picknickers, until within a few miles of Topanga Beach, when the buses stopped because of a large rock obstructing the road. So nearly all the deaf gentlemen, with the aid of several of the hearing men who were either following the buses or returning to Santa Monica, took off their hats and coats and pushed the rock along until it rolled down the embankment. It was not done until after half an hour, and then the autos continued on their journey. The picknickers riding in the buses reached the grounds, finding many of their friends there who went there in their own autos, and explained their experience with the rock. After all, they all were much pleased to find everything well arranged by the committee on the premises. It looked like camping, on account of the beautiful mountain scenery and trees, besides a running stream. Under tents cooking and selling hot coffee were in charge of Mr. W. Brooks, and ice-cream and pop in charge of his wife. They made lots of money until they were all sold out, and the proceeds were turned over to the A. C. D.'s fund afterwards. After basket-lunches were partaken of, games of all kinds were indulged in and prizes were given away to the winners. Pleasant conversation among the deaf followed the closing of the games until sunset. During the day snapshots were taken in many ways. Close to one hundred fifty picknickers enjoyed the all-day picnic themselves, and started for their homes expressing themselves as having had a grand time and congratulating the committee on the great success of the picnic for the Athletic Club for the Deaf. The committee in charge of the picnic were Chairman D. Mitchelson, W. Brooks, L. Larson, H. Whalen and M. Clements.
Having taken advantage of the departure of thousands of tourist for the East, Mr. and Mrs. P. Handley had no trouble finding a desirable residence to rent. Mr. F. Bulmer is living with them as their boarder.
Last week, Mr. W. Cook came near being a victim of pneumonia, when he was taken ill, but the best treatment saved his life. He is himself again today.
Owing to the fact that Mr. D. Mitchelson has not succeeded very well at his business of shoe-making, he has had to sell out the business. Then he secured a job in one of the large lumber yards that keeps him well fixed.
Not long ago, Mr. G. Munroe shook off the dust of Los Angeles and moved to Santa Barbara, where he has since been doing pretty well at his business of shoe-making. He is stuck on that place, according to his friends here.
Mr. F. Bulmer has lately been down to Porterville by motor to visit with his cousin. That is the reason he disappeared from the Los Angeles Silent Club.
Miss M. Bible returned from San Diego in time to take in the picnic of the A. C. D., and then left for San Francisco en route home to Colorado.
Mr. M. O'Brien and M. W. Schilling returned home by motor along the coast line after attending the picnic of the A. C. D. They said they had enjoyed their month's visit with the deaf Angelinos and would make another visit in the future.
Mr. Arthur Hultine enjoyed the distinction of being the only deaf on the coast who has caught a 350 pound jewfish, which he did at

Redondo Beach on the morning of the 30th ult. He had a hard time fighting with the fish, with only a light pole and string, for over two hours, and with the aid of ten men, had it pulled up on the wharf. Mr. Hultine brought a part of the fish home with him, and the rest of it was given away to the men. His family, and also Mr. and Mrs. M. Mathels, enjoyed the fish dinner.
A surprise party of 32 guests was sprung upon Mrs. C. Doane at her home. It was in honor of her birthday, and the secret leader of the conspiracy was her best friend, Mrs. Norton, of Ventura, who proved to be a genial guest.
Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Schneider are planning to leave for the north the early part of next month. Mrs. Schneider expects to be away until September, while her husband will return here after a week. When Mrs. Schneider returns she will bring her beloved mother along.
The brother of the scribe's wife came down from Oklahoma last week to help Mr. A. Hultine build a new home. He is a first class carpenter. He was in Los Angeles several years ago.
Among the latest arrivals here are Mr. Charles D. E. Forest, of Iowa; Mr. Gerald Brant, of Omaha, Neb.; and Mr. A. Silnutzer, of Boston, Mass.; the former is well-known in the Middle States as ex-wrestler. Mr. Brant is an ex-student of Galaudet College, the latter has been in the Southland for over four months, though, and has since been improving much in health. Unless he strikes a good job he will have to return home.
The home of Mr. and Mrs. Edward McGowan was brightened by the return of their daughter last week, whose school ended for the summer. She has grown up quite fast, and will soon be a young lady.
Out at the A. C. D. picnic several of the deaf scarcely recognized Mr. and Mrs. F. Roberts, who were well bronzed by their long residence in their beach cottage. They are still enjoying their beach life.
Mr. B. Burress is another recent addition to the colony of the deaf auto owners, having bought a Ford from Mr. H. Terry. Mr. Terry had previously purchased a new Studebaker.
On the evening of the 27th ult. a "Hard Times" party was held at the Los Angeles Silent Club, under the auspices of the Sunshine Circle. A large gathering turned out to attend the party and enjoyed themselves even more than they had expected to. Most of the deaf, wearing their "worn-out" clothes and shoes and dirty faces, amused the gathering very much. Ye scribe was among them as "Happy Hooligan." There were several fine dramatic plays on the stage, Mrs. N. Lewis being the most interested at dancing, despite her age. After this, one deaf gentleman and two hearing ladies were chosen judges and decided that Miss M. Sprangers and Mr. L. Ross showed the most poverty and took the first prizes. Refreshments ended the party, a very good sum of money for the Circle's fund being realized.
So far we have had no rain. The weather has been so fine all the time, and seems to be so through the summer. It is just what the tourists are enjoying for their recreation.
E. M. PRICE.

ALL SOULS' CHURCH FOR THE DEAF
Sixteenth Street, above Allegheny Avenue Philadelphia, Pa.
Rev. C. O. DANTER, Pastor, 3236 N. 16th St.
Holy Communion—First Sunday, 10:30 A.M., Third Sunday, 3:00 P.M.
Morning Prayer—Third Sunday, 10:30 A.M.
Evening Prayer—Every Sunday except the third, 3:00 P.M.
Bible Class—Every Sunday 4:15 P.M.
Clere Literary Association—Every Thursday evening after 7:30 o'clock.
Pastoral Aid Society—Every Thursday afternoon.
Men's Club—Third Tuesday of each month, 8 P.M.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL (published by the New York Institution for the Instruction of the Deaf and Dumb, at W 163d Street and Ft. Washington Avenue), is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

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All contributions must be accompanied with the name and address of the writer, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith. Correspondents are alone responsible for views and opinions expressed in their communications.

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"He's true to God who's true to man;
Wherever wrong is done
To the humblest and the weakest
'Neath the all-beholding sun,
That wrong is also done to us,
And they are slaves most base,
Whose love of right is for themselves,
And not for all the race."

Specimen copies sent to any address on receipt of five cents.

Notice concerning the whereabouts of individuals will be charged at the rate of ten cents a line.

THE DEAF of the United States have shown a proper spirit and commendable judgment in their donations to various causes and needs of their brethren in other lands.

Their recent contributions to a memorial celebration of the 100th anniversary of Abbe Sicard's death is described by Mr. Henri Gaillard, of Paris, as "magnificent," in a letter which, promises a full list of the donors and donations, which will be published in *La Gazette des Sourds-Muets*, and which we will copy in the JOURNAL.

During the early part of the great war, our deaf responded to an appeal for aid for the deaf sufferers by the War in France and Belgium. Money to the aggregate of about \$600 was sent, in equal portions, to Mlle Yvonne Pitrois and Mr. Emil Mercier of France, and to Mr. Robert Dresse of Belgium, and their acknowledgments received and published. In these two countries of the Allies was wrought the greatest devastation with the resultant desolation and distress.

At the conclusion of the Armistice and when Peace was finally declared, there came pathetic appeals for help from countries that had fought on the side of the Entente. Our deaf brethren in want touched a responsive chord in the hearts of the deaf of the United States, and they contributed according to their means.

A fund of \$50 was collected and sent to the JOURNAL, by Mr. A. B. Showalter, of Columbus, Ohio, with the request that it be equally divided between the deaf of Austria, Germany, Poland and Turkey.

Individual subscribers to the relief fund were many, and altogether the amount received and forwarded totaled \$317.85.

To Austria was forwarded \$140 in food checks and \$78.25 (213,570 kronen) in bank drafts, making a total of \$218.25. This has recently been acknowledged in the *Taubstummen Rundschau* (official organ of the Central Organization of the Austrian Deaf-Mute Societies in Vienna), a paper published and edited by Karl Altenachinger, Deutschland, Styria, Austria.

To Turkey was sent, through Rev. Albert J. Amateau, \$22.50, which represented one-fourth of the Showalter fund. A letter signed by D. A. Nahoum, President, and F. Nelly, Secretary, of the local committee for the relief of sufferers in Smyrna, Asia Minor, Turkey, acknowledges the receipt of \$25, from which we infer that Rev. Amateau added \$2.50 from his own pocket. This money was used "to alleviate the condition of our many poor and destitute deaf-mutes of Smyrna and other parts in Turkey."

The only contribution sent to the

deaf of Poland was \$22.50, being one fourth of the fund subscribed through Mr. Showalter, of Ohio, and sent to the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL. This amount was personally given by the editor of the JOURNAL to Dr. Med. A. Zebrowski, a director of the Institution for the Deaf at Warsaw, who a few months ago made a visit of inspection and inquiry to several of the large Institutions for the Deaf in the United States. The money was forwarded through the Polish Consulate at New York and its receipt promptly acknowledged.

The nucleus of a relief fund for the deaf children of Germany was sent to the JOURNAL by Rev. James H. Cloud, of St. Louis, President of the National Association of the Deaf, at the instigation of Dr. Percival Hall, President of Gallaudet College, to whom a personal appeal for aid for deaf children had been sent by Christian Messner V. Winkler, 12 V. Alte Rathafstr, Frankfort-on-the-Maine. A few individual subscriptions and one-fourth of the Showalter collection, brought the amount up to \$54.60 (15,166 marks). A bank draft for that amount was sent to Mr. Winkler, but no acknowledgment has been received. We have entrusted to a deaf gentleman the duty of an inquiry while he is in Germany, and if no definite assurance of its receipt is received, will endeavor to trace the draft through the bank where its purchase was made.

The above represents only money received, bulletined in the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, and personally forwarded by the editor.

Quite a large amount was collected and sent through Dr. Edward Allen Fay, of Gallaudet College, and until a year ago editor of the *American Annals of the Deaf*.

For the deaf of Germany and Hungary money was collected and sent by Messrs. William Lipgeus, Albert Kadgiehn, Richard Grutzmacher, Moritz Schoenfeld. These contributions were bulletined in the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, but were separate from the amounts which came through the editor's hands.

We congratulate our brethren of the United States upon their generosity in contributing to the destitute deaf, irrespective of which side the recipients claimed allegiance in the great conflict. "That which they gave is theirs forevermore."

Mute Killed by Train

WORKMAN WALKING NEAR LIMA STATION UNABLE TO HEAR WARNING.

LIMA, N. Y., June 23—This noon at the Lehigh Valley Station, John P. Hughes, an employee of the Porcelain Insulator Company, was struck by an engine while walking by the track from the plant to the station and suffered injuries from which he died at 1 o'clock. He was deaf and dumb and evidently failed to hear the warning sounded by the engineer. The injured man was rushed to the office of Dr. W. H. Kober, where he died. Coroner J. C. Preston, of Avon, made an investigation, and gave a verdict of accidental death. Hughes was 50 years old, the son of Patrick and Mary Hughes, and was born in this town. He leaves a sister, Miss Alice Hughes, of Lima; 2 brothers, Michael, of Buffalo, and James, of Lima, three nieces and two nephews.

National Association of the Deaf.

GALLAUDET MONUMENT REPLICA FUND.

BULLETIN No. 9

B. F. Frank:
Contributed by banquets of the Pas-a-Pas Club, Chicago \$13.00
Collected by G. Anderson:
Mr. and Mrs. John Anderson 1.00
Mr. and Mrs. Gustav Anderson 1.90
Mrs. Kaps 50
Glen Clark 1.00
\$16.50

Total \$756.28

THOMAS FRANCES FOX, Chairman.
HARLEY D. DRAXX.
JOHN B. HOTCHKISS, Treasurer.
Committee of the N. A. D.

July 1, 1922.

CHICAGO.

Now I sit me down to eat—
But not on when nor shredded wheat;
If, ere I rise, I hap' to bust
You'll lend a safety pin, I trust.

The 40th Anniversary Banquet of the Pas-a-Pas Club, incorporated, held in the cafeteria-room of the Fort Dearborn Hotel June 17th, was an AAA! affair.

Tickets were \$1 per plate—children and adults alike. Attendance close to 160. The food excellent and abundant. Get that? Abundant? Several refillings of roll dishes and butter plates. Plenty of time to eat, instead of "waiters snatching half consumed dishes from under the very noses" of banqueters. \$1, mind you?
All thanks to Johnnie Purdum.

...MENU...

SOUP		
Fresh Tomato Bouillon		
Hearts of Celery	Queen Olives	
ROAST		
Roast Leg of Veal with Sage Dressing		
Mashed Potatoes	Early June Peas	
SALAD		
Head Lettuce with French Dressing		
DESSERT		
Fancy Ice Cream		
Cake		
Tea	Coffee	Milk

Seating began at 8:30. Speeches began at exactly 10, and finished at 11:21. Arthur L. Roberts made an ideal toastmaster. "Bryan denies we descended from monkeys," he began, "but we have one trait in common with the chimpanzee, baboon and orangoutang: we like to eat." Mrs. C. McGann rendered "America" very prettily. C. C. Codman, introduced as being "equal to at home in field of sports or banquet hall," recalled old times, relating how the name "Pas-a-Pas" originated. It is French, and translated means "step by step." "Step by step, for forty years, we have kept in step onwards and upwards; staunchly abreast, step by step forging ahead through 'Time and Tide,'" the good gray patriarch declaimed.

"Our Guests" gave short addresses. Rev. Hasenstab spoke on how the Pas wielded tremendous influence for the betterment of early day schools in Chicago. Robey Burns spoke for the State school. A. Berg of Indianapolis recalled old incidents, among them how, a collegian on vacation, he had seen the Dougherty wedding reception in the Pas-a-Pas in 1885. J. Bouchard, of Hartford, told of how the new \$900,000 Connecticut school is being built on the new 100 acre site, and of \$5,000 needed for a new "Gallaudet monument"—this one to be copied from the one on the college grounds. A voluntary Nad collection for this purpose thereon netted \$12.80.

"Forty Years and Faithful" was next on the program—printed prominently; alone in a sea of white space, with no explanation.

"George A. Fraser," called the toastmaster, and Fraser stepped to the fore. "For forty years, Fraser, you have remained staunchly in the ranks. Others may come and go, others may die or drop out; you alone of all the charter members have remained steadfast. Forty years—the oldest, and only, continuous member of the oldest independent club of deaf folks in these United States. Forty years, at fifty cents a month, or \$6 a year, makes \$240, you have paid into the club coffers. Wherefore, ye faithful one, the Pas-a-Pas club takes pride in the privilege of bestowing on you this signed and sealed certificate of life membership, exempt from fees and dues for the balance of your natural life."

A life membership certificate was also tendered C. C. Codman—voted as such last winter. By the way, this Fraser has worked steadily for forty years in the Pullman shops, and still looks like a young man of forty. President Purdum himself wound up the program with "The Pas and a Prophecy."

It is highly probable this caravaner will be used for future banquets of the silents. Good food, and plenty of it, at more than reasonable rates; convenient loop location; well-known, high-class hotel—can you beat it?

The photographer who won the contract for "taking" the affair met with an accident en route, so no photo was taken.

Among many old-timers there were Ben Frank and William White, continuous Pas members for thirty-one years.

The annual initiation and smoker of Frat Division No. 1, June 24th, must have been a whizz-bang. George Brasher, as usual, served as Grand Exalted High Sovereign Nabob, or something—leastwise he was observed in regalia leading a line of thirteen trembling novitiates out on the street, where they had to cut didos and effect divers startling changes of raiment before a throng of giggling strangers. Everybody emerged from the hall, on conclusion, smoking identical cigars, and wearing the sleek, well-fed look of a

cat who ate a canary. Draw your own conclusions. And most of the novices looked like they had been out in a shower, they spasmodically jumped at the slightest noise, and ever and anon furtively but tenderly rubbed both hemispheres as if they hurt. Again draw your own conclusions.

If McCormick and Dr. Hespainess really want to find the secret of perpetual youth and perpetual motion, they ought to try the goat glands of that division goat.

After playing "500" every other Tuesday afternoon for months, the aux-Sac card sharkettes wound up their tournament June 27th. Each of the sixteen players was assessed fifty cents. The \$8 bought chicken, etc., and the eight low-score players had to cook it. All ate it. (P. S.—And they did not extend any "press passes," so this is all the publicity they get this week.)

Peter Schat, captain of the Good-year bowlers and a member of the Flying Squadron, came to town, June 29th, and bore off as bride Miss Sarah Bush—the plump and pleasant Amazon of All Angels'. The wedding at All Angels' was the swellest seen in silent circles in years. Twelve autos of deaf and hearing guests escorted the couple from the church to the bride's home following the ceremony. The girls at the shop where Miss Bush served as forelady gave her a fine copper tea-serving set, while her wealthy uncle gave an expensive chest of silver. Gifts were profuse and expensive, as was the raiment of all concerned. The honeymoon tour embraced such points as Niagara Falls and New York City.

Westerners winging home from Gallaudet College sojourned in our midst June 15th, while changing trains. Some had to wait hours and hours in the station, afraid to venture out for a trip around town in fear of getting lost. The college alumni would have been glad to meet and entertain them had it been apprised of their coming. Students reading this can be assured some one will probably be at the station next fall, if they write giving name of road and time of arrival to the Meaghers, 5627 Indiana Avenue, or to Frat headquarters, room 905, 130 North Wells Street. Time and train are important, as Chicago boasts of a train a minute, and there are a half dozen different passenger stations widely scattered.

Among those seen at the station were Misses Vivian Epley, Tillie Maklowski and Edith Anderson, Nebraska; Elenora Halverson and Bertha Ackerman, North Dakota; Mary Dobson, Iowa; Minnie Sowell, California. Jack Seipp, a Sac lad who has been elected captain of the college baseball team, headed a party of Washington State students returning via the Canadian Pacific—on which they gazed on glacier ice that was ice, and moving, while Christ lived. Seipp, and Johnnie Wallace (both on the football backfield) and Miss Ethel Newman comprised the party. Another Washington Stater, Miss Genevieve Robinson, remained over a week with an aunt in Wheaton. Yet another, Edwin McNeal, '22, hit town a week later.

Five college students from a State with less than half the population of Chicago alone. Only one from all Illinois!

Nathan Lahn, '23, Kansas, sojourned a week with relatives. Miss Lydia McNeill, a sophomore, from Nebraska, is spending the summer with an aunt on the North side. She expects to work until college opens in the fall.

June 24 the O. W. L. S. (the sorority—or ladies secret society—of Gallaudet College) met at the Hasenstab home and decided to organize a Chicago chapter. Miss McNeill gave some graphic incidents of college life "as is." Mrs. Hasenstab was elected president.

The Susan Wesley Circle, composed of the ladies of the M. E. Church, held their monthly June meeting at the lovely home of Miss Cora Jacobs on the North side.

Those two deaf golfers who played John D. Rockefeller during the Cleveland N. A. D. Convention of 1913, took part in a tournament in LaSalle recently. Charles Russell did the eighteen holes in eighty-four, Horace Buell in eighty-eight. Not bad for amateurs, though not in a class with Chick Evans by a long sight.

A freight car completely severed the body of William Gilpin, just above the legs, as it lay on the track after a nasty tumble in the Malt Brewing plant, June 21st. Gilpin fell some distance, striking the cement floor head first and falling squarely across the rail of the spur track which cars use to bring malt into the brewery, so was probably already dead before the train cut him in two.

He had never been laid off during his twenty-eight years service with the company.

Rev. Flick conducted funeral services. Burial in Michigan.

For years smiling Billy LaMotte has "stuttered"—the tip of the forefinger of his right hand being missing. June 22d, the adjoining, or middle finger, decided to keep its neighbor company, so got tangled up in machinery where Billy works. Billy will forever henceforth "stutter double"—but the characteristic smile is still in evidence.

John F. Roth is home convalescing from an operation for hernia. William Nelson was killed by cars in Aurora or Elgin, recently.

The H. Hathaways gave a joint birthday party at their Elgin home, June 4th, honoring Billy LaMotte (Billy has since been blessed with one finger-nail less to manicure). Mrs. Billy's birthday comes June 1st, Billy's on the 6th. Thirty "deafs" assembled, a dozen of them being Chicagoans.

President C. C. Codman, of the Montana State Association, states President Cloud, of the Nad, may attend his Montana Convention in Boulder, August 31st to September 3d.

Fred Schneiderwind, and sister Frieda, of Dundee, were in town.

June 22d Mesdames Flick and Roberts gave a buffet supper to the Craigs, just before Mrs. Craig choochooed away to summerize at her Lake Delavan cottage.

June 19th "Flickville" helped the Leiters—celebrate the third anniversary of their marriage.

Bryan Valentine, of Bowling Green, Ohio, passed through on his way to harvest the Kansas wheat crop.

Miss Constance Hasenstab graduated from the University of Chicago June 4. On the 28th she was suddenly stricken with appendicitis, and rushed to the operating table.

Dates ahead. July 9—Sac picnic. 16—Kenosha frat picnic, Kosciusko park, Kenosha. 22—Pas picnic, Polonia.

23—Knights De l'Epee picnic, Polonia.

SAN FRANCISCO.

San Francisco and her sister cities around the bay are at present enjoying a tremendous building activity. Persons who have not been here since the World's Fair would be surprised to see the many new big fifteen and sixteen-story buildings in the financial district, some of them being respectively occupied entirely by insurance and shipping firms. The twenty-two story structure of the Standard Oil Company occupies more floor space than any other building west of Chicago. The Crocker National Bank has bought all the land from Post Street up to the big *Chronicle* building, and may build the tallest building in the world. Their latest plan was to have the structure 800 feet high, but since they got more land, they may build a still more elaborate building. Outside capitalists plan to build the largest hotel in the world here. Other gigantic plans are too numerous to mention. When the great Hetchy Hetch water system is completed, San Francisco and Oakland will be in a better position to bid for big industries. This is the real reason why the Goodyear plant went to Los Angeles. Oakland already has a number of automobile factories, and is called a second Detroit. This is my reply to one of your Los Angeles correspondents, who has been talking through his hat.

I will just add a little more—that San Francisco gained over 44,000 new residents in six months lately and needs 20,000 new residences.

The Frats planned an outing to "Pacific City," the West's new elaborate "Coney Island," at Burlingame, on June 11th, but had to call it off, as it was not completed on account of a scarcity of building mechanics, due to the big building boom.

The Oakland Silent Athletic Club keeps open day and night, so no deaf young man in this neck of the woods has to loaf and feel lonesome. The address is 1413 Webster Street. Our \$10,000 Mr. M. E. O'Brien is manager, but honest, ladies, I am not running a matrimonial agency.

About a dozen ladies of "The Triangle Club" are now in Camp somewhere along the beautiful Russian River, North of San Francisco. Some of the children accompanied them. This accounts for the strange unusual looks of some of our married men, while a few of them seem to be singing, "My wife is in the country! Tra! La!"

Mr. David J. Cademalotti, our beloved Caddy, also beloved in Akron, has shown the boys how to make money by the special entertainment he got up, when the net profit from the proceeds was nearly \$100, which has been put in San Francisco Division's local treasury. Caddy also does the best he can to make non-frats see the errors of their way.

We were sorry to lose Lewis Peterson from over midist, but business is business. He is in business with his mother at Redondo Beach near Los Angeles. Since his departure, Secretary Luddy has been appointed division deputy (organizer) for San Francisco Division, No. 53, N. F. S. D., by the home office.

All the present Frat deputy organizers in California are printers.

The Seventh Anniversary Dance of the Local Division was quite a big success. Secretary Matheis, of Los Angeles Division, was present. Refreshments were served. Price of admission was doubled, but it made no difference.

San Francisco Association of the Deaf is made up of a bunch of hustlers, their social events being of a high order and drawing quite

big crowds. Berkeley Division, N. F. S. D., has also been having big social events across the bay lately. The Local Frats have their business meeting in California Hall, corner Polk and Turk Streets, on the first Saturday. The San Francisco Association of the Deaf meet at the places on the third and fourth Saturdays. The frats are the leading spirits of this organization.

As far as the writer knows there are three deaf mute union printers working steadily on the San Francisco dailies, one of them being a make-up editor. There are also four deaf union job printers, who have steady jobs, one of them is a stonemason on the *Sunset Magazine*, where Mr. LeClercq is employed as an engraver of the first rank.

The deaf printers this way do not know what the talk about depression has been, as they have been busy working overtime. One of them made nearly \$100 in a single week lately.

Some of the local deaf went up to Sacramento, to take in the '49 celebration. Mr. Gabrielli still has his whiskers on, and will come down so we can give them the once over on July 4th.

Mr. Gage Hinman has returned to Sacramento from the mining district.

Mr. J. Turner has gone to San Jose from Oakland.

Messrs. Fowler and Behl, lately of San Jose, are now residing in Oakland.

Mr. Martucci, of Bridgeport, Ct., came to San Francisco recently. His parents came here a year ago.

The California Association of the Deaf will hold its annual picnic on the School grounds, Berkeley on July 4th, a feature being the baseball game between the Los Angeles Silents. There will also be other sports, including swimming and dancing. Refreshments, hot dogs, and candies will be on sale. A crowd of silents, including President Matheis is expected from Los Angeles. The Association will also hold events on July 1, 2 and 3.

Mr. Sidney Howard, who was the Chicago correspondent of the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL for 40 years, but now lives at San Martin, near San Jose, came up to see the San Francisco, Berkeley and Oakland deaf lately. He gave a short lecture before San Francisco Division, N. F. S. D. during the proceedings of the good of the order at one of its business meetings. He praised the glories of California, and was struck at the way cable cars climb and go over San Francisco's steep hills. In conclusion he exclaimed, "I love you, California!" In reply Vice-President Hannan said his remarks had greatly inspired us, and remarked: "We love you, Sidney Howard," amid great applause and smiles.

San Francisco Division, N. F. S. D., still keeps up its fine record of having its business meetings largely attended amid enthusiasm.

The Peerless Club has disbanded, but has been reorganized and is now known as the San Francisco Silent Athletic Club, and will have a grand opening on June 24th. It will have its headquarters at 2431 Mission Street, and will be open every day, including evenings. Its membership will be open to both ladies and gentlemen.

Marion Salazar, who conducts the "Steam Room Athletes," the wit column of the San Francisco Bulletin's sporting section, inserted the following:

Dave Luddy Sr. says he wouldn't care how much Eddie Sudden sped through Burlingame if the noise didn't keep him from sleeping.

Dave Luddy Sr. has complained to the speed cops that Eddie Sudden bothers him greatly when he speeds through Burlingame with his muffler wide open.

Eddie Sudden is Stanford University's famous sprinter.

Mueller says one of the deaf threatened him for putting a certain piece about him in the JOURNAL. It is a strange contrast with ye scribe. Some of the local deaf have been enjoying the pastime of hitting ye scribe on the bean for not sending any news to the JOURNAL for so long a time.

Mr. H. V. Canaris and Miss Dorothy Pillsworth were married lately. We wish them a most enjoyable trip on the matrimonial sea.

We enjoyed the visit of the Shriners when they held their conclave here this month. There were a number of parades, the uniforms of the different temples made it very colorful, and San Francisco showed them she knows how to dress—the result was San Francisco resembled an Oriental City. A feature was the massed bands concert in Golden Gate Park, there being several thousand musicians, and when the "Star Spangled Banner" was struck up the big crowd was thrilled.

Kansas City's Mayor was struck by San Francisco's beautiful civic center, when he was here with the shriners, and is now preparing to have a bond election carried so Kansas City can copy the San Francisco civic center. The Kansas City shriners are helping him, with the result that San Francisco is being advertised as the most beautiful city in the world. Thanks, San Francisco has more conven-

tions this year than all the other Pacific Coast cities put together.

We are proud of Los Angeles and are not in the knocking business, but Friend Price has a cute little boiler factory down there. In fact Los Angeles and San Francisco are pulling together in many ways.

Mr. Schilling has returned from his trip to Los Angeles and San Diego. He prefers the cool climates of San Francisco.

Mr. James Darney, the well known deaf tailor, was offered a position in Southern California, but prefers to remain in the city where ships from the seven seas come and go.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Amundsen, formerly, of Salt Lake City, who have been remaining in Burlingame for the past eight months, now live in San Francisco near the ocean. They had to move, as they could hardly find a vacant house in Burlingame.

Mr. W. T. Burgess, formerly of Detroit and West Virginia, died at the Mills Memorial Hospital in San Mateo lately, from a fracture of the skull. He met with an accident when he fell from a building scaffold. His remains were sent to West Virginia for interment. He was a nice old gentleman and told ye scribe many interesting stories of his life in the East.

Mr. Chester Beers, formerly of Portland, Ore., has a steady job in the printing plant of the Schwabacher & Frey Co.

Mr. Walter Lichtenberg, formerly of Seattle, has been working in a printing office in San Francisco the past few years. He has been operating a linotype machine for some time.

Mr. Archie Burgess recently returned from Los Angeles, and is working in a bakery. He prefers the cool San Francisco climate. His sister, Margaret, is a typist for a big firm in the financial district. She says Detroit can not make a comparison with San Francisco's great financial district.

The following circular letter is being sent to non frats:

DEAR FRIEND—We are anxious to make our Division bigger and ask you to join us. Our Grand President is planning to come out to the Pacific Coast on a tour, and we want to make a big showing when he is in San Francisco Division's guest. Will you help us by joining? You know the advantages of being a Frat. We will help you when you are sick or meet with an accident, and when you die you are paid a death benefit which you can make out in favor of your mother, sister or wife or any relative you wish. It often helps to pay funeral expenses. Better join while you are young as you can get cheaper rates. You never can tell what will happen to yourself. Safety First!—no hurry and join us and be safe in the fold.

By joining us you will learn many things and improve yourself spiritually and mentally.

Class D is very popular. You can keep on paying the rate for twenty years, and then you will not have to pay after that. Please join us and show that "San Francisco Knows How."

For further information see E. W. Lohmeyer, Walter Hannan, Isadore Selig, M. E. Johnson or any other member, or see or write to

D. S. LUDDY, Secretary and Deputy Organizer,

124 Primrose Road,

Burlingame, Cal.

Ye scribe is cheered up! Cause: Cherries are ripe on his trees at home. Also Biddy keeps busy.

Mr. J. O'Rourke, the well-known deaf plasterer of San Mateo, has not been bothered with wage-cutting at all, as he still gets \$12 a day.

Mr. and Mrs. M. F. Johnson got a baby girl lately. No wonder Mr. Johnson has sunny smiles.

Mr. A. Cosgrove, from the East, was killed in Sacramento some time ago, by being struck by an auto. As far as the writer knows he was not a Frat.

Moral: Join the N. F. S. D., and your fellow Frats will look after you or your affairs wherever you are.

D. S. LUDDY.

NOTICE.

The next annual meeting of the Pennsylvania Society for the Advancement of the Deaf will be held at Lancaster, Pa., September 1st and 2d, 1922, for the purpose of electing four Managers to serve three years, in place of those whose terms will expire at this meeting, viz. Jas. S. Reider, of Philadelphia; Rev. F. C. Smielan, of Selins Grove; Alex. S. McGhee, of Philadelphia; and John L. Wise, of Reading; for re-organizing the Board of Managers, and transacting such other business as may come before the Society.

The place of meeting will be announced as soon as known.

The annual membership dues are payable on July 1st; gentlemen pay \$1.00, and ladies fifty cents. Send dues to the Treasurer, Mr. Alex. S. McGhee, 4930 N. Fairhill Street, Olney, Philadelphia.

JOHN A. ROACH,
Acting Secretary.

JAS S. REIDER,
President.

George Lafayette Miller.

George Lafayette Miller, aged 70 years, a resident of Springfield, Mass., only nine weeks, died at Mercy Hospital, two weeks ago. He was a varnisher by trade. He was born in Providence, R. I., and went to Hartford School in 1869 and left in 1868. He came here from Richmond, Va., last March 25th, to live with his daughters.

NEW YORK.

News items for this column should be sent to the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, Station M, New York. A few words of information in a letter postal card is sufficient. We will do the rest.

K. OF D. PICNIC.

There is little to say of the Picnic of the Knights of De l'Epee, scheduled for Saturday last. A veritable cloudburst flooded a section of the Subway and continuous rain all day, made anything in the outing line next to impossible.

They had a fine array of gold and silver medals for track competition and a big silver cup for the baseball contest, besides two smaller cups for dancing.

About 150 people were present and there was plenty of dancing in the big pavilion during the evening, but we did not learn to whom the cups were awarded.

Their next picnic will have a fine line of medals and prizes ready for field and track events.

Sorry for the Knights, who deserved better luck.

Nowadays, almost everybody "thinks" of moving. To most it remains only a wish, to those fortunate enough who find it a reality, there is occasion for rejoicing and for the admiration of their friends.

The lucky ones in this instance were Mr. and Mrs. Sammy Lowenherz, who by their wits were able to move into a more commodious apartment in the same house—a corner one, with trees looking in most of the windows. Mr. L. celebrated the event by buying a lot of handsome up-to-date furniture, and the friends of Mrs. L. decided to arrange the housewarming by springing a surprise on her. Mrs. Marcus Marks was chief conspirator, and everything went on like clock work. Mrs. L. has induced to go to her old home in Flushing, L. I., and when she returned, was so surprised that it was some time before she was able to speak.

After the repast, which consisted of home-made delicacies prepared by those present, she was presented with a dainty tea set of Austrian China for twelve people, as a reminder of the esteem she is held among her friends, most of whose friendship dates back from her school days. In the evening the husbands of those present and more friends came in for a "friendly game." Among those present besides Mr. and Mrs. Lowenherz and their sons, were her three sisters, some nephews, the Hatowsky twins Mrs. E. Barnes, Buttenheim, S. S. Goldberg, Mrs. J. Gass, Mrs. Hatowsky, Mrs. M. Kenner, Mrs. M. Marks, Mrs. M. Miller, Mrs. A. Solomon, Mrs. D. Wasserman, Mrs. Max Nemeth, of Corona, L. I.

The many friends of Mr. John W. Pratt will be glad to know of his recovery from a long siege of sickness—being confined to the house since after being given up in March, by two or three doctors as incurable. Dr. Sylvester Sobel was in, and through his skill and untiring efforts, he has succeeded in bringing Mr. Pratt back to a state of normal health. Dr. Sobel took so much interest in the case that he engaged an interpreter in the person of Mrs. Helen Peter, a daughter of deaf parents, so that he could converse with Mr. Pratt more readily, and not put the patient to too much exertion by resorting to writing. Mr. Pratt had been suffering with Bright's Disease, coupled with several other ailments, and as he is almost seventy years old, it is all the more praiseworthy for Dr. Sobel's success in bringing him back to health, and Mrs. Peters should be given some credit also, as she was always doing her best to make conversation between doctor and patient accurate.

On Saturday, June 24th, in her Brooklyn home, a reception was held in honor of Mrs. E. Kansriddle's birthday anniversary, and she received some very pretty presents. Among those present were: Mr. and Mrs. J. Kansriddle, Master Alfred Kansriddle, Messrs. Alfred and Meadames Toohy, J. O'Brien, Detrich, of Orange, N. J., Carl von Schmuier, Costuma, Mrs. O'Hearn, Miss A. O'Brien, Miss Montoli, of East Orange, N. J., Mr. L. Gilbert, Mr. Harry Schnurman, Mrs. T. Hunt and son, Tom, Mr. J. Hunt, Mr. Schreiner, Mr. Melia, and some deaf people. Dancing and games were enjoyed. A buffet supper was served. A large cake formed the centerpiece. Favors were distributed among the guests. Ice cream was served.

First Lieutenant Geo. I. Lounsbury, son of Mrs. M. B. Lounsbury and the charming Miss Felicia C. Wolf, were united in the holy bonds of matrimony at the Calvary Church on Wednesday afternoon, June 28th. Only the families of both couples attended the ceremony after which a wedding dinner was served at the bride's home in Mass-peth, L. I. After a brief honeymoon they will make their home with the groom's mother.

OHIO.

[News items for this column may be sent to our Ohio News Bureau, care of Mr. A. B. Greener, 993 Franklin Ave., Columbus, O.]

July 1, 1922.—The following from the *St. Marys News* tells of the miraculous escape from death. We venture he will not care to dive again in that place. The latest we have concerning his condition is that he is rapidly recovering from his injuries:—

Forest Jackson, fourteen years old, mute son of Ed. Jackson, North Scott Street, Saturday afternoon, sustained a deep and long scalp wound on the back of his head, in addition to a gash in the region of the chin, in addition to other less extensive hurts.

The accident occurred in lock twelve near the Chestnut Street bridge and adjacent to Memorial Park.

Forest Jackson was swimming in the lock.

He made a sign before diving indicating his plan to plunge to the bottom of the eighteen feet of water and bring up mud as evidence.

Spectators, about a minute after he disappeared, were surprised to see him emerge, bleeding, to the surface of the canal below the lock.

He had been drawn by water-suction through one of the lock gate wickets. The lad is one of the few persons living to tell (in his case by means of the sign language) the experience of going through the wicket of a canal lock when the lock is filled with water.

Willing hands aided the stricken boy to the Community House.

He was waited on by Dr. J. E. Heap, who found an unusual number of sutures needful to close the gaping scalp gash. The other wounds were of course treated also according to need.

RAPIDLY RECOVERING.

Forest Jackson is rapidly recovering from effects of his hurts and incidental blood loss. He is expected shortly to regain normal barring possible infection in the wounds.

The youth yesterday, accompanied by his younger brother, walked to Dr. Heap's office for a second dressing of his hurts. He appears to be getting along first rate.

Mrs. Harley Goetz and little daughter go to Dayton this week, and make a ten days visit with her parents. Mr. Goetz will go down on the 3d of July, to spend the 4th, and then return to Wapakoneta, O., as business in his line, clothes cleaning and pressing, is on a boom, and he wishes to make hay while the sun shines.

Edwin Burke, of the same town, was recently at St. Marys, and found Forest Jackson recovering nicely from his dive in the canal locks.

The quarterly meeting of Trinity Chapel Church was held on the evening of the 23d ult., with an attendance of 52.

Reports of the Secretary and Treasurer were read and approved. The latter reported receipts for the quarter amounting to \$143 and expenses \$60.26. Donations were made as follows: Trinity Church, \$10 and \$5 each to the General and Diocesan Missions. Business over Rev. Charles narrated about the recent reunion of the Michigan Alumni at Flint, in the early part of June, which he had attended. Refreshments were served to those present.

Mr. J. C. Winemiller, Assistant Superintendent, is putting in part of the vacation cleaning up the school library, dusting the books, cataloging and labeling them. As there are some five or six thousand of them, he will have plenty to do.

Mrs. August Beekert leaves today for Sandusky for a visit to her grandmother for a few weeks; then she will be in the City of the Straits with her parents till reunion time. Her father, Mr. A. B. Davis, has secured work with a firm at Trenton, Mich., a few miles out from Detroit, but will not move his family there, at least not for a time.

Mr. A. J. Becker has a job too on his hands, repainting all the chairs of the boys' and girls' study room. As there are 500 or 600 of them, he will be kept busy for some time.

Miss L. May Greener with her brother George, Director of the Boston North Bennet Street Industrial School, sailed Tuesday afternoon, the 27th ult., on the S.S. Niagara for Europe. They will land at Vigo, Spain, July 5th, and from there tour Spain, Portugal, Italy, Austria, visit the Passion Play, Battle Fields of France, Paris and London, returning by way of Liverpool to Montreal, Canada, and are expected back by September 1st. Mr. Greener goes on business for his school, and Miss Greener for recuperation and pleasure.

Mr. Ernest Zell with one of his art pupils, E. Heck, visited the Cincinnati Art Museum exhibition last Sunday. They were joined by several other of his pupils living in Cincinnati.

Superintendent Jones, Mrs. Jones, their daughter, Carrie, and Mrs. Moore, the housekeeper of the school, motored to the Rexmere

Hotel, Stamford, N. Y., where they will pass a two weeks' vacation.

"B. O. Sprague, deaf-mute harness maker, of Reynoldsburg, suffered the loss of \$800 in Government securities at the hands of sneak thieves, in the village of Reynoldsburg, at about 9 o'clock Thursday evening. Sprague, who lives on the main street in that village, left his home Thursday evening for not longer than 15 minutes, and when he returned found that a bureau drawer in his home had been pulled out and \$500 in war savings stamps and \$300 in Liberty bonds taken. Mrs. Sprague is visiting in Cincinnati and the house was unoccupied during the minutes that the theft was accomplished.

"Several days ago sneak thieves entered the house of a neighbor of Sprague's and stole \$75 in cash from a drawer." A. B. G.

Appeal of the Hangchow Hwei At School for the Deaf.

In February of 1914, my father opened a school for the deaf in Hangchow. We have worked for eight years, and forty-five deaf-mutes have been educated and are now at their homes earning their living by making drawings and by tailoring. Four of our graduates are working in the Shanghai Commercial Press, Limited. We have started a department of rug weaving, installed in our school in April, 1921. Six of the pupils work for a half day, and study the other half day. There are now twenty-one pupils, ranging from eight to eighteen years of age. These pay from one dollar a month up to sixty dollars a year for board and tuition, depending upon the wealth of the family.

My father died in July 6th, 1917. Our school is getting on very well and is under consideration to move to Shanghai next year. Rev. Koh Tsen Yu, among many, wishes to increase its capacity as well as to strengthen its internal work. There is good probability of the erection of a large new building of our school, the land for which, located on Baker Road, Shanghai, and valued at Twenty Thousand Taels, has been given by Mrs. Mieh, widow of late governor of Hangchow.

In the 2d of May, 1922, the school took four deaf pupils to the National Christian Conference in Shanghai. They gave demonstrations in speech and lip-reading, arithmetic and writing, in both Chinese and English, and received loud praise from a large number of delegates of the conference. It is said that delegates from Kaifengfu, Foochow, Hankow and Amoy, plan to open up schools for the deaf in their own localities after their return there.

In China six schools for the deaf have been started, the first school at Chefoo, the second at Hangchow, the third at Kucheng, the fourth at Nan Tungchow, the fifth at Peking and the sixth at Shanghai. In these six schools there were more than one hundred and seventy-nine deaf pupils in March of 1922. Our school will move to Baker Road next year, and together with the sixth school at Dzong Hua Road, there will be two schools in Shanghai. Our school's name is *Hwei Ai School for the Deaf*, in order to differentiate from the other one in Shanghai.

There are six schools for the deaf in the whole of China, and these are small owing to lack of funds and workers. There are approximately 40,000,000 children in China of school age, among whom there are probably 40,000 deaf-mutes. There are many poor and orphans, who are anxious to come. It costs \$60.00 a year to support one pupil, and we have insufficient funds at our disposal. We are not able to receive them all. We are very sorry that we have to turn them away.

Two years ago we received from the *Silent Worker* (from Akron, O.) a contribution of \$75.00, on the 9th of May, 1922, we received a draft of \$112.00 from the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL. In addition on the 1st of June, 1922, we received another two drafts of \$31.00. For these gifts we wish to express our heartfelt appreciation. Two of our poor pupils come to the school on May 16th, 1922, whose expenses are paid from the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL's fund. Yoo Long Tsin is aged eleven. His father is a fish pedlar and pays one dollar a month for his food. Song Yui Ming is aged nine. Her father is a small oil dealer and pays ten dollars a year for her food. We thank you very much because your warm heart bid you give us the money to help two of our poor pupils. We are indeed grateful. Our pupils will never forget the kindness of our foreign friends for the deaf.

At present we sending out an appeal through the *Silent Worker*, the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, and the *Volta Review*, in hope that those who are interested in our Chinese School in Hangchow, may be willing to contribute some money to help the school in order that we may receive and help more pupils. The deaf, through the agency of our work, may also receive the Gospel. Those who desire to contribute please send their money to the Editor of the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, P. O. Station M, New York City.

Sincerely yours,
TEN FU TSE.

PHILADELPHIA.

News items for this column should be sent to James S. Reider, 1838 North Dover Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

The condition of Mr. R. M. Ziegler is little changed at this writing. The effects of the stroke are still visible in his right arm and hand, but otherwise he seems a well man. His wife, however, continues critically ill at the Chestnut Hill Hospital. She endured an operation about two weeks ago, but it has apparently not resulted in an improvement of condition beyond prolonging her life. Although much grieved in spirit, as might be expected, Mr. Ziegler is bearing his troubles bravely and looking forward to the time when he will be able to resume his duties at the Institution. Dr. Crouter is kindly holding the position open for him and giving him every encouragement to return, because he valued his services.

All Souls' Church for the Deaf has resumed its Summer schedule of services. Services are held every Sunday morning at 10:30 o'clock. No afternoon service will be held till September.

The Clero Literary Association marked the closing of its active season by a social, and treat to refreshments, last Thursday evening, June 29th. No literary meetings are held in July and August, but the rooms always remain open for social purposes.

Summer on, Rev. Mr. Dantzer can enjoy life at the seashore, and gather up strength for Fall activities. But he feels it rather hard that his doctor put the ban upon bathing in the ocean, fishing, etc., leaving him only to muse what the wild waves are saying. No wonder then that he gets lonesome and tired of the monotony of seashore life. How would you feel, if you were in his place?

One would think that one who passed through a college year by such hard study as Mr. Warren M. Smaltz did, would yearn for a full summer's vacation. Mr. Smaltz, however, is up against it. He was selected and agreed to take the task of re-arranging and listing the Divinity School's big library—some 10,000 volumes, more or less, in a new building just completed. The job may take him all summer; but, as it pays good, he is well-satisfied.

Some time ago Mr. Houston received a pleasing letter from Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Reekweg (formerly Mrs. Dunlap of Brooklyn, N. Y.) who have a bungalow at Mendocino City, California. The couple is evidently keeping tab with Eastern news, for they expressed regret at Mr. Ziegler's illness. Again, when telling of the beautiful scenery and flowers around them, they wished they could send a floral offering to All Souls' Church. Such kind wishes are appreciated, even though only expressed.

Mrs. Helen R. Wilson is spending the summer with her folks at Atlantic City, as she has been wont to do for a number of summers past.

The Council of Jewish Women continues to show its interest in Beth Israel Association for the Deaf as opportunity comes. After closing for the summer season the members of the Association were invited to visit the Zoological Garden and to a picnic at Glenside by the Council.

Mrs. Daniel Paul has been spending several weeks with Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Dantzer at their Wildwood bungalow. Mr. Paul has been making week-end trips there too.

Mrs. Geo. B. Wilson visited Wilmington, Del., last Memorial Day, and decorated her father's grave. He was a soldier and fought in the Civil War. Afterwards she visited her friend, Miss Florence Johnston, at that place. She returned highly gratified with her trip.

Mrs. S. O. Honsenmyer, of Hanover, Pa., is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Reider, for a couple of weeks or so. Her husband, who has been ill for a year from a nervous breakdown, is slowly but steadily recovering. During her absence, he is staying with his parents on their farm close to the city of York.

Mrs. Wilbur F. Dorworth's sister is spending the summer here with her.

The Misses Bessie and Emma Scott, children of Mr. and Mrs. Christopher Scott, were in a class selected to give a dancing "exhibition of technique," part of a long program carried out at the Frankford Theatre, under the direction of Miss Irene Lingo, teacher of dancing, last May 25th.

Miss Ida Wilson, of Atlantic City, was a recent visitor here.

Mr. and Mrs. William F. Lawrence, of Easton, Pa., visited Mr. and Mrs. James L. Weeney in West Philadelphia last May 28th. Mr. James L. Patterson, who boards with the Weeney's, was delighted to see his old friend again, and assisted in every way to make his visit a pleasant one.

The Mt. Airy School closed in the middle of last week.

Mr. William McKinney spends much of his leisure time with Mr. Ziegler in Mt. Airy. The latter is glad to have company to cure loneliness.

Mr. and Mrs. D. Ellis Lit are occupying a bungalow at Peermont, N. J., for the Summer.

Sunday, July 9th.—Outing to Valley Forge, under auspices of Independence Hall Branch, N. A. D. All welcome. Auto trucks leave Germantown and Allegheny Aves at 9 A.M. Return trip by moonlight. Round trip fare \$1.25.

Saturday, July 29th. Excursion to Atlantic City under the auspices of Philadelphia Division No. 30, N. E. S. D. All welcome. Round trip, \$1.50.

DENVER.

Mr. Powell J. Wilson, who had been printing instructor at the School for the Deaf in Santa Fe, N. M., is back at home with his family after several years' absence from home. He will stay in Denver until about the middle of July, when he will leave for New Orleans, La. In that old Southern city, he will study more of lino type machinery for several weeks before returning to Santa Fe, N. M., in the fall.

During Powell Wilson's stay in Denver, he has been entertained by many of his friends to dinners. He was entertained at a nice arranged dinner with Mr. and Mrs. F. Love, at their cozy home on West Thirtieth Street, one evening not long ago. Mr. Love was Mr. Wilson's classmate while at school in Colorado Springs.

One Saturday evening recently Mr. and Mrs. Leon Harvat were surprised his many friends by giving a party in their honor at the Harvats' lovely home on Julian Street. They spent the evening in games.

In the early part of this month, Mr. Roy Cochran, a former pupil at the Colorado School, returned to Denver for a brief visit from a long stay in Old Mexico and California. While in Denver, he visited with Mr. Powell Wilson and then with Mr. H. Barnett, who were very glad to see him again after several years of parting from him. Roy went to Kansas on business from the Queen City, and he came back for three days' stay at the Savoy. He left for his home in Caldwell, Idaho, where he is spending the rest of the summer, Sunday, June the 24th.

Miss Mabel Pearson, of Iowa, and '17 of Gallaudet College, who had been teaching at the Kansas School the past year, is the house guest of Mr. and Mrs. Kent, in Denver, for several weeks this summer. Mabel likes Denver so much that she would like to stay here for good, though she expects to return to Kansas about the first of July. She has been entertained a great deal during her stay in the Queen City of the West. She is a newcomer among the deaf of this city, but in spite of it she has been rapidly becoming quite popular among them.

Wednesday evening, June the twentieth, the Liberty Club, which the deaf ladies of Denver founded a year ago or so, had a supper picnic at Berkeley Park. A good crowd of deaf Denverites was on hand, women being there all afternoon and evening, while men came after they finished their work in the evening. Everybody had a good hearty supper, and afterwards some of the picnicers spent part of the evening in playing tennis. Berkeley Park is beautifully situated at the end of North Denver, overlooking gorgeous mountains which were still covered with snow at the top. It was a beautiful sight to all the picnicers, who enjoyed the sunset reflecting upon Berkeley Lake from behind the snow-capped mountains. Around ten the picnicers departed for their homes in tired mood, but a good time they had at the picnic.

Miss Sadie Young, the Girls' Supervisor at Colorado Springs, is visiting with Mr. and Mrs. T. Northern since school closed for the summer. She will depart for Greeley to spend the rest of summer with her sister, after a few more weeks' stay in Denver.

Verne Barnett spent the week-end of June the twenty fourth in Greeley, Colorado, where it was his first visit. He reported having a pleasant time there. Greeley is a lovely and clean city, and is the seat of Normal College for Women.

Mr. Geo. W. Veditz, of Colorado Springs, paid a visit to Denver Saturday, where he delivered an interesting lecture to the deaf at St. Mark's church that evening.

Many friends of Mr. A. Brown, the head teacher at the Colorado School, are pleased to hear that his wedding bells are ringing. He will be married to Miss Jones, a daughter of Mr. Asa Jones, a wealthy Colorado Springs resident, some time this summer. Mr. Jones has been deeply interested in the welfare of the deaf for many years, and he is now one of the members of the Board of Trustees of that school. It is understood that Mr. Brown will be on the teaching staff again at that school next autumn.

"Doc."

The first flight made over the equatorial Andes was made recently by an Italian aviator flying from Guayaquil to Cuenca, a distance of 120 miles.

ATLANTA, PA.

Mrs. J. H. Butterbaugh who visited her old home near Fayetteville, N. C., for ten days, returned here with her mother, Mary E. Fillyaw, May 26th. She will stay with Mr. and Mrs. Butterbaugh, 319 Beech Avenue, all this summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Williams, of Summit Hill, Pa., recently spent a month as guests of Mr. and Mrs. Abram Richman, 227 Cherry Avenue. Mr. and Mrs. Richman certainly enjoyed their company very much.

On June 7th, Mr. Jacob Otto, celebrated his seventieth birthday with a party, attended by his children, relatives and friends at home, 310 Walnut Avenue. He received many useful gifts. Mr. and Mrs. Otto expect to celebrate their fiftieth (golden) wedding anniversary next year.

Miss Grace Butterbaugh, of Marion Center, Pa., returned here June 13th, to work at the silk mill again. All the mutes in this city are glad to have her come back.

For the benefit of the 85 Fraternity in Johnstown, a strawberry festival was held on the lawn of Mr. and Mrs. Friant, Saturday evening, June 17th. Mr. and Mrs. Charles Saylor and child, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Butterbaugh, Mrs. A. Richman and Mrs. Jacob Otto, of this city, attended.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Saylor and child and Mrs. A. Richman, of this city, spent with Mr. and Mrs. Barker, 61 Church Street, Johnstown, Pa., all night June 17th.

Mrs. C. Saylor and children are spending two weeks as guests of her mother in Jordan, Pa.

Misses Iva McGlumphy, of Washington, Pa., and Alberta McElwee, of Huntingdon, Pa., spent with Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Otto, 310 Walnut Avenue, one and a half days recently.

Mr. Gilbert Singerman is the proud possessor of a new "Dodge" car.

Miss Bertha Edmiston is visiting her parents and relatives at Choirsville, Ohio, for two weeks.

Many of the mutes of this city, and Johnstown, will attend the picnic at Woodlawn Park near Ebensburg on July 4th.

J. V. B.

Suggestions for Keeping Warm

Suppose that you are caught out in the woods on a cold fall or winter night, writes a contributor to the *Outing Magazine*, with only a single blanket to keep you warm. You can hardly do better than borrow an idea or two from the Indian, who often manages very well under such circumstances.

He builds a large fire and thoroughly warms the ground. Then he rakes away the coals and lies down upon the warmed area, pulling his blanket over him. The ground is the warmest thing in sight; so he lies smack against it. He does not roll up in the blanket.

If the night happens to be extremely cold, the Indian heats a large boulder and covers it lightly with earth. Then he curls round the mound and pulls the blanket over him. This is the better of the two methods, in case you happen to be caught out with only your coat for covering. But instead of sleeping with the coat on, take it off and pull it over your shoulders and the stone.

Even the Indian's methods sometimes do not go quite far enough, however, and it is distinctly worth while to turn to Horace Kephart for further suggestions. Kephart recommends a natural browse bed of some sort spread over the warmed area, and a small fire on one side and a log serving as a windbreak on the other. A better windbreak is a large upturned rock with flat face, or a ledge. Rock, in addition to serving as a windbreak, holds heat a long time and generously radiates it.

So long as it does not rain, the problem of keeping warm without a blanket is not serious. If you need more covering and there are enough small balsams in the neighborhood, you can make a deep bed of the browse; lay two or three poles over it, pile a lot of boughs on top, and then by manipulating the poles insulate yourself between the two layers. This will help to prevent too rapid radiation of the bodily heat.

Another plan is to get a number of staves, six or eight inches in diameter, heat them before the fire, and place them round you wherever you feel the cold. Have others heating in the meanwhile and change from time to time. To lift and carry the stones, cut a small forked limb close to the joint, leaving two feet of each fork for handles, put the crotch over the rock and press inward with the handles. The man without a blanket can get a fairly good night's sleep in this way, even in freezing weather.

Testifying with his fingers, Morris McMillen, fifty-five, deaf-mute, of Middleton, told Justice A. H. Seeger of Poughkeepsie his bride, also a deaf-mute, concealed the fact that she had been an inmate of an asylum for the insane. The marriage was annulled.

OREGON-WASHINGTON.

The Frat Banquet in College Inn, Portland, was a success in every way, 103 were in attendance. On account of his color Scott Holloway was barred. Toastmaster Nelson was in his glory, and in his excitement introduced Superintendent Geo. B. Lloyd as of Salem. The principal speaker was Superintendent Tillingshast, of the Oregon School.

Rev. Du Bois of the Church of the Strangers was interpreted by Mrs. Metcalf. Mrs. M. conducts a Bible class in this church and interprets for the deaf. J. O. Reichle has been an elder in this church for several years. L. A. Divine talked on suckers.

The Washington School for the Deaf held its commencement exercises June 12th. Superintendent Geo. B. Lloyd introduced each speaker and made brief explanatory remarks preceding each exercise.

Chaplain B. Bronson, of the Vancouver Barracks, made the invocation. Miss Hann showed how her primary class worked under the oral system. Birney Wright in his essay, "The Voice of Man," referred especially to Egypt and this country. Mrs. McKinley and Miss Cornell put their classes through rhythm work, Miss Cornell playing the piano.

Ethel Mason spoke her essay, "Education of the Deaf." Being able to hear with one ear, and being used to oral expression from infancy, she acquitted herself with credit. Hon. C. A. Campbell, in his address to the graduates, emphasized Service. He showed that only four ways can be used with corn—letting it rot, letting it stay in storage, converting it into meal and eating it, and planting it. Only the last way can be said to do the greatest good. So youth can turn to four ways—self-destruction, self-gratification, self-preservation and self-sacrifice. "Live so you can look back on deeds accomplished."

"Do to-day's work to-day, opportunity waits for no man." "The waiting man gets no opportunity." "The successful man makes his own opportunity." A successful life means not grabbing selfishly, but giving. Lailah Freese, Emma La Jambie and Lina Seipp, rendered in graceful pantomime. "God Be With You Till We Meet Again," to music by Miss Cornell, and oral rendition by Mrs. McKinley and Misses Sue and Hann. Chaplain Bronson presented the diplomas, and Rev. Chas. Baskerville asked the benediction.

Mrs. Sallie Martin Bradley, Louis R. Divine and Mabel Martin Divine leave soon for the East. Mrs. Bradley to visit her son in Texas, and the Divines to go to Morganville, N. C., where they will teach in the School for the Deaf.

Geo. D. Martin and Fred Bjorkquest will live in the Clarke Bungalow on Lake Vancouver. But—Dean Horn and the Hunters may entice them away into Canada on a motor trip.

Philip Henry Divine has been enjoying a visit from his daughter from Idaho. P. H. D. has been making his home with Louis A. the past week.

Grover Evans is working on a reclamation service dam in Idaho, near his home.

John Thomas is sticking to Portland, closer than a burr to a mule's tail. And the tail or the mule does not like it.

The Columbia reached 22 feet Sunday and is receding. But if the hot weather continues in the Cascades, it may go higher. The highest was 33.25 feet.

Thos. P. Clarke presented Casper Jacobson with the volume of poems published by his mother, Mary Bayard Clarke. I don't know the merits of the poems, but I know she has done considerable work for the leading magazines.

The Gannons have at last bought a home. It is in the St. John's Peninsula, convenient to Mr. Gannon's work.

It does not pay to spray hay or spill spray mixture on the ground. In the first case, stock may eat too much, and in the second case chickens may not be immune to a mixture if they are to some straight poisons.

T. C. Mueller has lost his home by the shut-down of the Zell Hotel. He now lives in the outskirts.

The niece of Geo. D. Martin and Sallie Martin Brodley is here from California, visiting relatives.

The Gilberts have gone to South Oregon, to camp out among the mountains for the summer.

Leona Penland is staying in Vancouver this summer to look after both her own and her sister's properties.

I have been picking strawberries. Being extremely soft, the first day's work on knee and hip gave me stiffness and pain in the whole body. I did not make over one dollar and a half, and the berry farmer complained I put the biggest, best strawberries, into my mouth instead of into the box. Opportunity waits for no man, and I believe in grabbing opportunity. Why waste the best on others?

Ed. Spieler is back on the St. John's road work, being now on concrete.

Louis A. Divine is building an extension on the east to his home

in Vancouver. Possibly more room for the ever present occasional guest.

This is June, and matchmakers have nominated me for bridegroom to prospective brides of varying specifications. The wishes of either victim have not been ascertained, to the best of my knowledge. I have one in mind, but she is too good and too nice for me, so I have not proposed.

The rose festival is drawing the deaf to Portland. Roses do grow in Portland. Better come and get one grown for your own self, and enjoy the scenery and climate unsurpassable to be found on the coast. Fruit is ripening too, and contains everything to be expected in Paradise. Be a tin-can tourist, a hobo afoot or awing, but come any way, take your time and fill, and prepare to stay indefinitely, for stay you will likely.

Mrs. Fisher, of Portland, and Mrs. Johnson, of McMinnville, have been visiting the Reeves in Strawberry Paradise over the week end. I really pity the farm woman, who has to entertain company in the harvest or in busy times, unless said company helps in the work. For a woman's work is never ended, even with the sun and going to bed.

Carl James (and so do I) wants to know what's become of Oscar Sanders.

THEO. MUELLER.
June 18, 1922.

Diocese of Maryland.

Rev. O. J. WHILDEN, General Missionary,
2100 N. Calvert Street, Baltimore, Md.

Baltimore—Grace Mission, Grace and St. Peter's Church, Park Ave. and Monument St.

SERVICES.
First Sunday, Holy Communion and Sermon, 9:15 P.M.
Second Sunday, Evening Prayer and Address, 8:15 P.M.
Third Sunday, Evening Prayer and Sermon, 8:15 P.M.
Fourth Sunday, Litany, or Auto-Communion and Sermon, 8:15 P.M.
Fifth Sunday, Auto-Communion and Catechism, 8:15 P.M.
Bible Class Meetings, every Sunday except the First, 4:30 P.M.
Guild and other Meetings, every Friday, except during July and August, 8 P.M.
Frederick—St. Paul's Mission, All Saints' Church, Second Sunday, 11 A.M.
Hagerstown—St. Thomas' Mission, St. John's Church, Second Sunday, 8 P.M.
Cumberland—St. Timothy's Mission, Emmanuel Church, Second Monday, 8 P.M.
Other Places by Appointment.

Religious Notice

Baptist Evangelist to the Deaf
Will answer all calls.
J. W. MICHAELS,
Fort Smith, Ark.

Investment Bonds

Government
Railroad
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Samuel Frankenheim
18 WEST 107th STREET
NEW YORK CITY

SEA-FEAT-Y
Paying an Income of
From 4% to 8%
DENOMINATIONS OF
\$100 \$500 \$1000
SATISFACTION

Member of
National Association of the Deaf
National Fraternal Society of the Deaf
New England Gallaudet Association
Correspondent of
Lee, Higginson & Company

AN INVITATION TO
The National Fraternal
Society of the Deaf
TO MEET IN DENVER
IN 1927



Read what Grand Secretary Gibson said in The Frat of May, 1918, on his visit to Denver, after an auto trip around the Look-out Mountain:—
" * * * The scenery? Well, the delighted and enthralled visitor said what he thought of it, but to write it is a task beyond him—all the adjectives in his lexicon would be needed and the tale would be long. He can only say here that he hopes every one of his readers will some day have the opportunity to see it for themselves."
So, remember Denver, 1927.

PICNIC & ATHLETIC GAMES

AUSPICES OF THE

CLARK DEAF-MUTES' A. A.

ULMER PARK

Foot of 25th Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Take West End Line to 25th Avenue.

SATURDAY 22 JULY, 1922
AFTERNOON 22 EVENING

BASEBALL GAME FOR CUP
Deaf-Mutes' Union League vs Silent Athletic Club

EVENTS FOR MEN
100-yds. dash 440-yds. dash 12-lb. shot put
3-mile race 100-yds. dash (married) 1-mile relay race
Silver Loving Cup awarded for Relay

LADIES
50 yds. dash 1 lap walk 50-yds rope skipping
25-yds. dash—children Ball throwing contest
Handsome Prizes to Winners of Events

Gates open at 1 p.m. Music by Sweyd

ADMISSION TO EVERYTHING 55 CENTS

NINTH ANNUAL

PICNIC and FRATERNIVAL

under the auspices of the

Newark Division, No. 42, N. F. S. D.

to be held at

FLORAL PARK

Jane Street and Boulevard North Bergen, N. J.

On Saturday Afternoon and Evening, August 26, 1923

MUSIC BY MRS. L. BEGGS

ADMISSION - (Including War Tax) - 55 CENTS

PROGRAMME

Prizes
Base Ball Game—Deaf-Mutes' Union League vs. Newark
Tug-of-War—Jersey City vs. Newark (Banner to winning team.)
50 yards dash, Sack Race, Bowling, Potato Race

LADIES—50 yards dash, Sack Race, Ball Throwing, Rope Skipping, Potato Race.
Base Ball Target
Dancing Contest—Loving Cups to the best dancers.

ARRANGEMENT COMMITTEE—Albert E. Dirkes (Chairman), Albert Balmuth, Edward Bradley (Secretary), Henry R. Coe, Samuel D. Smith, Walter Pease, Gus A. Matzart, John M. Larsen, William H. Waterbury.

To Reach Park—From New York and Newark, take Hudson and Manhattan Tube to Summit Avenue Station, Jersey City, then grey bus on P. R. R. Bridge direct to Park. From Hoboken Ferries take Summit Avenue trolley car with sign in front reading: "Hackensack Plank Road," get off at Jane Street and walk one block to Park.

Keep your eyes on

DETROIT

ARMISTICE DAY

Saturday, November 11, 1922

[Particulars later]

THIS SPACE IS RESERVED FOR
MANHATTAN (N. Y.) DIV. No. 87

National Fraternal Society of the Deaf

MASQUERADE BALL

Saturday Evening, November 25, 1922

Particulars Later

THIS SPACE RESERVED FOR THE

HEBREW ASSOCIATION OF THE DEAF

Saturday Evening, January 20, 1923

MASQUERADE AND BALL

BROOKLYN DIVISION, NO. 23

SATURDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 3, 1923

Particulars Later

RESERVED
November 18, 1922
V. B. G. A. A.

A Feast for the Inner Man

to be served by the

Woman's Parish Aid Society

Saturday Evening, November 4, 1922

DANCING TO FOLLOW

Menu and Program announced later.

N. A. D.

Atlanta, Ga.

AUG. 13--18, 1923

Your route should be

Seaboard Air Line Ry.

S. B. MURDOCK,
General Eastern Passenger Agent,
142 West 42d Street,
New York City.

THIRD ANNUAL PICNIC and GAMES

—OF THE—
Silent Athletic Club, Inc.

—AT—
ULMER PARK ATHLETIC FIELD

Saturday Afternoon and Evening
JULY 8th, 1922

Music by Mickle's Jazz Band

ADMISSION, - (Including War Tax) - 55 CENTS

BASE BALL GAME

Silent Athletic Club vs. Sunset Social Club.

ATHLETIC SPORTS

(For Valuable Medals and Trophies)

FOR MEN—100-yds dash, 2 Mile Run (handicap), 440-yds dash
5 Mile Bicycle Race.
FOR LADIES—50-yds dash, Egg Race, Ball Throwing.
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